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BLACK CHILDREN, BLACK SPEECH

DOROTHY Z. SEYMOUR

CHILDREN'S BOOKS YEAR OF THE WITCH AND A SELECTED LIST OF BEST BOOKS

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

AND NOW, PAPERBACK REVOLUTION, JR.

MICHAEL J. BANDLER

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NEWS & VIEWS

A Religious Renascence?

Things are bad in the American Christian community, but are they headed for worse? Protestant sociologist of religion Peter L. Berger isn't so convinced. If you credit author-professor (Rutgers) Berger, religion in America may even be on the threshold of a great renascence.

"If historical experience is taken into account," Berger comments in *The Christian Century*, "societies afflicted with widespread *anomie* have either persisted or have regenerated themselves through a renascence of their fundamental values." It's this theory which enables Berger "to envisage a possibly powerful reversal of the secularization process" in the U.S.

Allowed this scenario, Berger expounds two hunches and several peeves. First the hunches:

". . . I'm very much inclined to the view that any strong renascence of religion in American society will be *Christian*, even if it should not be located in the ambience of the historic Christian churches. It may well include the Jewish community, perhaps even in a very close relationship . . .

"My second hunch about this scenario comes close to a certainty. It is this: *If* there is going to be a renascence of religion, its bearers will *not* be the people who have been falling all over each other to be 'relevant to modern man.' "

Peeve 1: "It seems to me that, quite simply, it is time to say, 'Enough!' to the dance around the golden calves of modernity. For some 20 years now we have been fascinated by the question, What does modern man have to say to the church? I wouldn't be too hesitant to answer, Probably not much more than he has said so far!"

Peeve 2: the counterculture; no chance of its being "redemptive force" in any Berger equation.

Some features of the counterculture, Berger allows, are quite attractive ("its pacifism, its racial tolerance and its protest against certain pathologies of the Puritan ethic"); some simply a matter of aesthetic preference ("its tastes in music and its peculiar fixation on bodily flora"); but other are repugnant and defeating ("its dogmatic hedonism, its incapacity to make moral distinctions and its collectivistic 'horde' mentality").

By the same token Berger does not see "currently fashionable oriental cults" figuring in any religious renascence in the nation. "These are too much in contradiction to fundamental themes of American culture, not least to the central theme of a national covenant with history that constitutes a fundamental nexus between this culture and the Judeo-Christian tradition."

The key to Berger's religious renascence is rather "a new stance"—"a stance of authority." Don't gulp. Berger gives authority a careful definition: "It is the authority of those who have come to terms with their own experience and who are convinced that, in however imperfect a measure, they have grasped some important truths about the human condition."

It's Berger's antidote to "the hysteria of those who have lost their old certitudes and the hysteria of those who, often with blind fanaticism, have committed themselves to new ones."

The Berger article was originally a speech before the 10th annual plenary session of the Consultation on Church Union (COCU)) in Denver. The press sat in, but stories emphasized only the golden-calf aspects of Berger's thesis. The talk was much more qualified than made to seem, with Berger ultimately hedging his bet that the American Christian community is on the eve of a "historic moment."

"All history is in the hands of God," Berger concluded," and it seems that God is parsimonious in the enactment of 'historic moments.' "

The Suenens Proposal

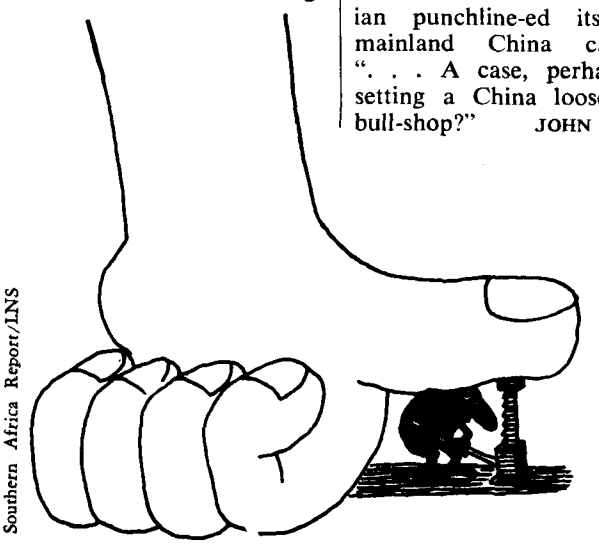
One of the few interesting ideas to come out of the unnewsy Synod of Bishops is the proposal of Belgium's Cardinal Suenens for experimentation with "regional synods."

Regional synods, Suenens contended, would permit a more useful and realistic meeting. Suenens reportedly finds the present format providing no real and authentic dialogue, a detail which probably explains his notable uninvolvement in the proceedings just ended.

RNS correspondent Father Robert A. Graham, S.J., wrote that the "falling back to local synods marks an interesting evolution in the thinking of one of the most articulate European bishops."

He might have added that there's a touch of irony in the situation, as Suenens was instrumental in hammering the worldwide synodal idea through Vatican Council II.

Graham—whose news stories have stood out in the otherwise mediocre coverage of the Synod—noted that Suenens' intervention was not simply leaked to the press after delivery but distributed beforehand. "This unorthodox and very unusual procedure suggested the importance it had in his mind," Graham wrote.



Southern Africa Report/LNS

Odds and Ends

—Ronald H. Stone of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary has called on Union Theological Seminary to establish a Daniel Berrigan Chair and invite Berrigan to fill it, after his release from prison. The Chair, said Stone, would complement the Reinhold Niebuhr Professorship already established there and institutionalize a process of dialogue between the schools of thought represented by the two men.

—If news headlines are indicators of value judgments, we know what the Republican National Committee thinks most important about Lewis F. Powell and William H. Rehnquist. Their nominations were headed in *Monday*, the RNC journal: SUPREME COURT APPOINTEES TOUGH ON LAW AND ORDER.

—Suburban New York newspapers recently featured ads for a thing called the "Richard Cardinal Cushing Tulip." For 88 cents, promoters promised five bulbs and a bloom "as majestic as its namesake." Ready to plant; special terms to fund-raisers.

—*The Manchester Guard*-ian punchline-ed its UN-mainland China cartoon: ". . . A case, perhaps, of setting a China loose in a bull-shop?" JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Bishops & the War

Maplewood, Mo.

To the Editors: Regarding the American bishops' alleged failure to speak unequivocally about the moral dimensions of American involvement in Vietnam, Gordon Zahn's article, "The Scandal of Silence" [Oct. 22], was in my opinion, a good beginning in setting the record straight. Although I don't believe the American bishops should be subjected to severe criticism, nevertheless they should be candid about their reluctance to provide the moral leadership that was and is expected of bishops; and when the bishops, individually or collectively, refuse to be candid, as they obviously have been in this instance, then it seems appropriate for someone from the Christian community to prophetically call the matter to their attention, as Gordon Zahn did. Such rebukes, whether delivered by Zahn or someone else, may damage the reputation of timid bishops but save the credibility of the church, since bishops and church are not synonymous.

In effect, it appears that the majority of the American bishops have permitted government authority to be the final arbiter regarding the moral dimensions of war; a concession the bishops did not grant government authority in regard to the moral dimensions of birth control and abortion. The reputation of the American bishops as moral leaders has already been greatly diminished, and, in my opinion, it behooves the bishops to set the record straight, rather than have Gordon Zahn do it for them.

ROBERT STEWART

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

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REVOLT ON AID

Rebuked in the United Nations, criticized by its allies abroad, pressured by dissenters at home, the United States had sunk from 1st to 12th place. With their patriotism aroused and their national pride stung, the members of Congress resolved to take action, and immediately. Before you could say Richard Milhous Nixon, the United States was back up there in first place again.

The above is a nice scenario, and it would be great if it came to be. It will not, however, unless there is a profound change in sentiment in Congress and among the general public. For what the United States has slid to 12th place in is foreign aid, judged according to the per capita slice of the gross national product. Despite all the conservative rhetoric to the effect that the United States has been bearing more than its fair share of aid to the underdeveloped nations, 11 of the 16 members of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development devote a higher percentage of their national income to foreign aid than the U.S. does.

The action of the Senate in defeating the foreign aid bill by a decisive 41-to-27 surprised even the most determined advocates of such action. For years what has been called foreign aid has reflected an uneasy compromise, backed for different reasons by two antagonistic groups: by liberals who support economic aid to poor nations, and by conservatives who scorn "giveaways" but like the military aid aspects provided in the overall package. What has now happened is that this uneasy coalition finally came unstuck: conservatives were angry over the UN expulsion of Taiwan, and with 55 percent of the aid bill devoted to military assistance, liberals this time could stomach it no longer; they saw that path as leading inevitably to more Vietnams, here, there, and everywhere.

Consternation was the immediate reaction to the Senate defeat of the foreign aid bill, even among the Senators themselves, and this was not surprising. True enough, military aid for Laos and Cambodia made one think of Vietnam in the early days, but what of the funds now denied to UNICEF or aid to Pakistani refugees or money for agricultural development in Latin America or a host of other good causes? No wonder the Senate decided to put together some kind of interim plan to take care of such needs, and it is right that this be done until an entirely new program

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can be developed. But what Congress should not do is to turn around and give the Administration exactly what it wants—a simple extension of the status quo before the vote, military involvement and all. Instead, the Senate surprise should be seized as the occasion for a whole new start in the area of aid. As Monsignor Marvin Bordelon of the U.S. Catholic Conference said, the defeat for foreign aid may be a blessing in disguise if it exposes the "abuses and uncertainties" in the program as it has existed in recent years. Once and for all there should be a firm separation of military and economic aid, and an end to the use of aid as a means of dominating other nations and making them subservient to our will. Direct aid has too often been a vehicle for imperialism, and to end this abuse all economic aid programs should as far as possible be channeled through international agencies. Finally, with the military parts of the program stripped away, we should take an honest look at the dimensions of our efforts for the underdeveloped nations. How true was the statement of Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia to the recent Bishops' Synod: "The armaments race violates the needs of the world's poor in a way that is fruitless and intolerable." Small nations sin in this regard, as he noted, but the United States leads the way: last year this nation spent more than $80 billion on arms, multiplying our overkill needlessly and making us without question the world's biggest arms spender. In a world where the gap between rich and poor nations is growing larger rather than smaller, could we not try instead to make the United States No. 1 on foreign aid once more? And if we are too tight-fisted for that, do we have to be as far down as No. 12?

Detours on Africa's Freedom Road

After a decade of nearly delirious overconfidence about approaching victory over hated white-minority régimes, most Africans—if not yet most politically conscious people elsewhere—have at last recognized the unpleasant truth that something has gone very seriously wrong with the liberation struggle.

Ghana achieved her independence from Britain in 1957, although for most of colonial Africa 1960 was the "Year of Independence." Meeting in Tunis that year, the All-African Peoples' Conference set 1963 as the deadline for the "total liberation of Africa." Immanuel Wallerstein, professor of sociology at Columbia University and a man who is a world-renowned expert on African affairs, commented a decade later: "Africans did not think this date fanciful, and I for one shared their optimism."

In 1971, white-minority régimes are still solidly entrenched in the Republic of South Africa, and its illegally annexed territory of South West Africa (which the United Nations has hopefully dubbed the African name of "Namibia"), and Rhodesia; even impoverished Portugal (thanks to economic and material assistance from her NATO allies, especially Britain, West Germany and the U.S.) has been able to contain guerrillas in Mozambique and Angola, while restructuring the economies of the two colonies away from rebel-infested peripheral regions. At the same time Portugal has been able to blunt repeated offensives in Portuguese Guiné of Amilcar Cabral's African Party of Independence of Guiné and Cape Verde (PAIGC), the most successful of all of Africa's 20-odd liberation movements.

Elsewhere, the picture is just as somber. Nothing remains of the joint military expedition from Zambia into Ian Smith's Rhodesia, launched in 1967 by the African National Congress (ANC) of South Africa and the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU) of Rhodesia. Clearly the senior partner in the alliance, the ANC boasted that the operation was the first stage of a vast thrust that would smash through Rhodesia into the racist heartland of South Africa. A fanfare of publicity echoed around the world, dutifully picked up and amplified by the Moscow-oriented Communist parties because of the strong influence on the ANC leadership of the exiled leaders of the mainly white South African Communist Party.

Today, the episode is known in Africa as the "Wankie fiasco," after the Rhodesian park where the encircled Africans put up a last-ditch battle against Rhodesian and South African forces. Rather than following normal guerrilla tactics, the troops had been overburdened with Russian-made heavy weapons and conventional Russian infantry tactics that eventually made them victims of the superior firepower of their adversaries.

The ANC has yet to admit that its forces suffered a defeat, much less to attempt a public self-criticism of the disastrous strategy that led to that defeat. Instead, meeting at Morogoro in Tanzania in 1969, the hard-pressed ANC executive called for an even-wider alliance in South Africa, demanding the ANC-ZAPU military alliance be "consolidated and extended to include FRELIMO (Mozambique Liberation Front), MPLA (People's Movement of Angola) and SWAPO (South West African People's Organization)."

Hitherto, membership in the African National Congress had been restricted to blacks, while members of other ethnic and racial groups were expected to join the separate organizations for their respective groups. All were linked in theory in the Congress Alliance, conceived as the vanguard of a multi-racial South Africa in which each racial group would have separate democratic bodies, permitting black Africans, Europeans, Coloreds and Indians an equal voice in the running of

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the country. In fact, liberal critics, as well as the police of the Apartheid régime, pointed to substantial evidence that the Europeans, especially the tiny South African Communist Party, had an influence in determining the policies of the Alliance that far exceeded their numbers.

Ironically, it was the African nationalist Pan Africanist Congress of Azania (South Africa), which broke away from the ANC in 1958, that long before had admitted Europeans and Asians. The split between the ANC and PAC has been repeated throughout Africa. On one hand, we see multi-racial, generally Moscow-oriented organizations like MPLA, FRELIMO, PAIGC and SWAPO; on the other, African nationalist groups, sometimes divided internally between pro-Chinese and pro-American factions.

In Guiné, Cabral's forces appear to have physically eliminated Senegal-based rivals, the National Liberation Front of Guiné (FLING). And in Lusaka, Zambian authorities have repeatedly had to intervene to prevent further killings, as warring factions of the ANC's erstwhile allies, ZAPU, clashed in the overcrowded township populated by Shona and Ndebele refugees from Rhodesia. Their battle was essentially a tribal fight, although clothed in ideological terms and vague expressions of some greater unity after it was over, with the rival Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU).

Farther south, even the U.N. Committee on Namibia has been unable to unite the peoples of that area, and the South West Africa National Union's (SWANU) valiant efforts to establish base areas inside Ovamboland and the Caprivi Strip by crossing the border from Zambia—and sometimes marching through Angola—have been thwarted by South African security forces. Its military strategy has now been reduced to an occasional night raid to lay mines on the roads used by the border police.

FRELIMO has been plagued by dissidents, as well as opposition from the Mozambique Revolutionary Committee (COREMO). The assassination in 1969 of FRELIMO's first president, Edoardo Mondlane, has never been satisfactorily explained, and successive groups of dissidents have left the organization to find refuge elsewhere in Africa, or even go over to the Portuguese.

An indication of the difficulty of ascertaining the truth about what is really happening within the movements and the progress, or lack of progress, of their struggles, was exemplified by the reporting of such a veteran reporter on African affairs as Basil Davidson, who attended FRELIMO's congress just before this dramatic series of splits and breakaways that continued this year with the creation in Nairobi of yet another dissident group, calling itself the United Front of Mozambique (FUMO). Davidson wrote that Mondlane's successors were united and he had seen no sign of any differences between them. Within weeks, Vice President Uriah Simango was accusing his adversaries in the leadership of carrying out a deliberate policy of assassination to seize control of the movement.

The problem with reporting the African scene is that it is hard to avoid partisanship, and apparently even harder to tell the truth when the tide of battle turns against one's friends. But even accepting the frailty of mankind, as inevitable until the Second Coming, it ought also to be recognized that the lying propaganda of the past has not aided the cause of African freedom. Within a relatively short period, conservative political leaders in Africa were able to point at the disarray and sheer waste of the liberation struggle as it had been conducted as justification for their campaign for a "dialog" with the white rulers of South Africa.

For the moment, the liberation movements have a new lease on life. But they have got to produce some sort of results soon or be written off by the Organization of African Unity. Significantly, at the OAU summit meeting in Addis Ababa, the ANC and PAC and SWAPO worked together for the first time in years in harmony to counter the pressures for dialog. Even the strict division of movements along the Sino-Soviet rift seems to be breaking down, as the MPLA's President Agostinho Neteo traveled to Peking in July and the cautious Amilcar Cabral was praising Chairman Mao in an interview with the Chinese Hsinhua News Agency.

The fact, bitter as it may be, remains that nobody is really capable at present of delivering a mortal blow against the white minority rulers anywhere in Africa. The heady, facile optimism of the '60s has vanished and the only alternatives left to the movements are to persist, adopting that "protracted struggle" that Mao perfected in China or simply to abandon the armed struggle altogether and make the best deal they can with the whites in Southern Africa, who have hinted they might be "generous" if the Africans will finally settle down in their Bantustans and second-class citizenship.

RICHARD GIBSON

(Richard Gibson is a correspondent for Tuesday Publications in London. His book, African Liberation Movements, *will be published in 1972 by Oxford University Press.)*

COMING

MICHAEL HARRINGTON writes on the new Nixon economics:

"Things will never again be the same. . . . Our conservative Republican President has, I believe, placed radical issues on the agenda of the society: his policies will politicize the nation and the workers in particular; it makes our outrageous maldistribution of income much more transparent and therefore invites proposals to change it."

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THE UP-TO-DATE CONSERVATIVE

PETER STEINFELS

It was just about at this point in the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings, a year and a half ago, that I predicted G. Harrold Carswell would be approved for a seat on the Supreme Court. After a struggle I had not anticipated, my prediction proved in error, for which several readers, with good memories or slow postmen, chided me. I would willingly accept more such reproof for the pleasure of being mistaken in my feeling that the Senate will now confirm the High Court nomination of William Hubbs Rehnquist.

Actually my Carswell column was not all loss, for there I argued that the Senate dd not have to submit to the President's choice in regard to the political philosophy of Supreme Court nominees, while limiting itself to the questions of honesty and competency. Thanks to an article by Yale professor Charles Black, that viewpoint is beginning to seep its way through the misunderstanding which would grant the President the same leeway in appointing Justices as in appointing his own cabinet members. Confusion remains, however. Enough so that William Raspberry, a black columnist who has expressed bitterness at the disdain for black interests shown in Nixon's nominations, still resigned himself to Lester Powell, Jr., and Rehnquist because "they are not mediocre men." Since the President subscribes to a conservative philosophy, wrote Rasberry, he "has a right to see that philosophy reflected in his appointments."

But to return to Mr. Rehnquist, who indeed is no mediocrity, even if he may fall a bit short of being "one of the finest legal minds in this whole nation today," as claimed by that master of understatement in the White House. The problem with Mr. Rehnquist is not that he is a conservative—by my lights so is Mr. Powell—but a very particular kind of conservative. Conservatism has its do-nothing and its energetic strands; and in modern times the latter, especially in the persons of remarkable individuals like Bismarck and de Gaulle, has been the more successful. It may seem ludicrous to link the Administration of the master of Checkers with such names, at least until you recall Mr. Kissinger's admiration of the Iron Chancellor and Mr. Nixon's of the French leader. But circumstances and the failures of the liberal state push us in the direction of authoritarian, energetic conservatism as much as do the capacities of great individuals. Mr. Nixon never expected to lead the U.S. into a (conservative) planned economy the way he is doing. But Nixon's opponent Mr. Humphrey, had among his advisers in '68 at least one great admirer of the Gaullist regime who wished to preserve civil liberties while restricting popular participation in government. Then, too, the primacy of foreign affairs, enthusiastically chosen by Bismarck, de Gaulle and Nixon, but also fostered by nuclear weaponry, reinforces this tendency. If you subordinate domestic politics to international policy, there will always be enough danger in the latter realm to justify tight controls at home. And this kind of thinking becomes habitual.

That is where William H. Rehnquist fits in. Rehnquist can be a defender of private property against social responsibility in the tradition of 19th-century *laissez faire* liberalism; that seems to be the attitude grounding his opposition to desegregation efforts in Arizona. But generally Rehnquist has shown himself the very opposite of whatever might be conjured up by the phrase "strict constructionist." He is in fact a modern authoritarian conservative, an activist; what he wants to "conserve"—and expand— is the accumulation of power which four hot wars and one cold one have granted the central government and especially the Presidency. For him, the "security" of the state is paramount—and easily endangered. Last May, he enunciated the doctrine of "qualified martial law" to justify suspending the constitutional rights of antiwar demonstrators. He has insisted on the executive's right to put Senators under secret surveillance. He defended the vigorous use of wiretapping. He argued for expanding the powers of the Subversive Activities Control Board. He supported the practice of presidential secrecy. He favored removing recent safeguard of the rights of criminal suspects.

Rehnquist is thus disturbing because he is a philosopher of the Garrrison State, of that military mentality which has always been the underside of Goldwaterism. That he apparently has a fine mind is not reassuring. If you think in terms of states of seige, you can even make a pretty "logical" case for shooting your neighbor at the door of the family bombshelter.

Mr. Rehnquist is not a throwback, an antiquated conservative. He is all-too-much a man of this time, indicating one of the ways our country might go. The young people encouraged to "work within the system" will now see the system tightened up and mobilized from the top down. In France the cynicism springing from authoritarian conservative government makes the citizen turn to his culture for a sense of identity; but as William Pfaff has pointed out, that option doesn't exist here, where there is no cultural heritage predating and existing separately from our political one. The long-run results of authoritarian conservatism in Germany need not be dwelt upon.

The Senate should reject the Rehnquist nomination; if necessary, the liberals should filibuster. And if Rehnquist is confirmed, well, once again I hope my premonitions turn out entirely wrong.

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BLACK CHILDREN, BLACK SPEECH

Black English is not just 'sloppy talk,' but a dialect with structure and form

DOROTHY Z. SEYMOUR

"Cmon, man, les git goin'!" called the boy to his companion. "Dat bell ringin'. It say, 'Git in rat now!' " He dashed into the school yard.

"Aw, f'get you," replied the other. "Whe' Richuh? Whe' da' muvvuh? He be goin' to schoo'."

"He in de' now, man!" was the answer as they went through the door.

In the classroom they made for their desks and opened their books. The name of the story they tried to read was "Come." It went:

Come, Bill, come.
Come with me.
Come and see this.
See what is here.

The first boy poked the second. "Wha' da' wor'?"

"Da' wor' *is*, you dope."

"*Is?* Ain't no wor' *is*. You jivin' me? Wha' da' wor' mean?"

"Ah dunno. Jus' *is*."

To a speaker of Standard English, this exchange is only vaguely comprehensible. But it's normal speech for thousands of American children. In addition it demonstrates one of our biggest educational problems: children whose speech style is so different from the writing style of their books that they have difficulty learning to read. These children speak Black English, a dialect characteristic of many inner-city Negroes. Their books are, of course, written in Standard English. To complicate matters, the speech they use is also socially stigmatized. Middle-class whites and Negroes alike scorn it as low-class poor people's talk.

Teachers sometimes make the situation worse with their attitudes toward Black English. Typically, they view the children's speech as "bad English" characterized by "lazy pronunciation," "poor grammar," and "short, jagged words." One result of this attitude is poor mental health on the part of the pupils. A child is quick to grasp the feeling that while school speech is "good," his own speech is "bad," and that by extension he himself is somehow inadequate and without value. Some children react to this feeling by withdrawing; they stop talking entirely. Others develop the attitude of "F'get you, honky." In either case, the psychological results are devastating and lead straight to the dropout route.

It is hard for most teachers and middle-class Negro parents to accept the idea that Black English is not just "sloppy talk" but a dialect with a form and structure of its own. Even some eminent black educators think of it as "bad English grammar" with "slurred consonants" (Professor Nick Aaron Ford of Morgan State College in Baltimore) and "ghettoese" (Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, the prominent educational psychologist).

Parents of Negro school children generally agree. Two researchers at Columbia University report that the adults they worked with in Harlem almost unanimously preferred that their children be taught Standard English in school.

But there is another point of view, one held in common by black militants and some white liberals. They urge that middle-class Negroes stop thinking of the inner-city dialect as something to be ashamed of and repudiated. Black author Claude Brown, for example, pushes this view.

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Some modern linguists take a similar stance. They begin with the premise that no dialect is intrinsically "bad" or "good," and that a non-standard speech style is not defective speech but different speech. More important, they have been able to show that Black English is far from being a careless way of speaking the Standard; instead, it is a rather rigidly-constructed set of speech patterns, with the same sort of specialization in sounds, structure, and vocabulary as any other dialect.

The Sounds of Black English

Middle class listeners who hear black inner-city speakers say "dis" and "tin" for "this" and "thin" assume that the black speakers are just being careless. Not at all; these differences are characteristic aspects of the dialect. The original cause of such substitutions is generally a carryover from one's original language or that of his immigrant parents. The interference from that carryover probably caused the substitution of /d/ for the voiced *th* sound in *this*, and /t/ for the unvoiced *th* sound in *thin*. (Linguists represent language sounds by putting letters within slashes or brackets.) Most speakers of English don't realize that the two *th* sounds of English are lacking in many other languages and are difficult for most foreigners trying to learn English. Germans who study English, for example, are surprised and confused about these sounds because the only Germans who use them are the ones who lisp. These two sounds are almost nonexistent in the West African languages which most black immigrants brought with them to America.

Similar substitutions used in Black English are /f/, a sound similar to the unvoiced *th*, in medial word-position, as in *birfday* for *birthday*, and in final word-position, as in *roof* for *Ruth* as well as /v/ for the voiced *th* in medial position, as in *bruvver* for *brother*. These sound substitutions are also typical of Gullah, the language of black speakers in the Carolina Sea Islands. Some of them are also heard in Caribbean Creole.

Another characteristic of the sounds of Black English is the lack of /l/ at the end of words, sometimes replaced by the sound /w/. This makes word like *tool* sound like *too*. If /l/ occurs in the middle of a Standard English word, in Black English it may be omitted entirely: "I can hep you." This difference is probably caused by the instability and sometimes interchangeability of /l/ and /r/ in West African languages.

One difference that is startling to middle-class speakers is the fact that Black English words appear to leave off some consonant sounds at the end of words. Like Italian, Japanese and West African words, they are more likely to end in vowel sounds. Standard English *boot* is pronounced *boo* in Black English. *What* is *wha*. *Sure* is *sho*. *Your* is *yo*. This kind of difference can make for confusion in the classroom. Dr. Kenneth Goodman, a psycholinguist, tells of a black child whose white teacher asked him to use *so* in a sentence—not "sew a dress" but "the other *so*." The sentence the child used was "I got a *so* on my leg."

A related feature of Black English is the tendency in many cases not to use sequences of more than one final consonant sound. For example, *just* is pronounced *jus'*, *past* is *pass*, *mend* sounds like *men* and *hold* like *hole*. *Six* and *box* are pronounced *sick* and *bock*. Why should this be? Perhaps because West African languages, like Japanese, have almost no clusters of consonants in their speech. The Japanese, when importing a foreign word, handle a similar problem by inserting vowel sounds between every consonant, making *baseball* sound like *besuboru*. West Africans probably made a simpler change, merely cutting a series of two consonant sounds down to one. Speakers of Gullah, one linguist found, have made the same kind of adaptation of Standard English.

Teachers of black children seldom understand the reason for these differences in final sounds. They are apt to think that careless speech is the cause. Actually, black speakers aren't "leaving off" any sounds; how can you leave off something you never had in the first place?

Differences in vowel sounds are also characteristic of the non-standard language. Dr. Goodman reports that a black child asked his teacher how to spell rat. "R-a-t," she replied. But the boy responded "No ma'am, I don't mean rat mouse, I mean rat now." In Black English, *right* sounds like *rat*. A likely reason is that in West African languages, there are very few vowel sounds of the type heard in the word *right*. This type is common in English. It is called a glided or dipthongized vowel sound. A glided vowel sound is actually a close combination of two vowels; in the word *right* the two parts of the sound "eye" are actually "ah-ee." West African languages have no such long, two-part, changing vowel sounds; their vowels are generally shorter and more stable. This may be why in Black English, *time* sounds like *Tom*, *oil* like *all*, and *my* like *ma*.

Language Structure

Black English differs from Standard English not only in its sounds but also in its structure. The way the words are put together does not always fit the description in English grammar books. The method of expressing time, or tense, for example, differs in significant ways.

The verb *to be* is an important one in Standard English. It's used as an auxiliary verb to indicate different tenses. But Black English speakers use it quite differently. Sometimes an inner-city Negro says "He coming"; other times he says "He be coming." These two sentences mean different things. To understand why, let's look at the tenses of West African languages; they correspond with those of Black English.

Many West African languages have a tense which is

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called the habitual. This tense is used to express action which is always occurring and it is formed with a verb that is translated as *be*. "He be coming" means something like "He's always coming," "He usually comes," or "He's been coming."

In Standard English there is no regular grammatical construction for such a tense. Black English speakers, in order to form the habitual tense in English, use the word *be* as an auxiliary: *He be doing it. My Momma be working. He be running.* The habitual tense is not the same as the present tense, which is constructed in Black English without any form of the verb *to be*: *He do it. My Momma working. He running.* (This means the action is occurring right now.)

There are other tense differences between Black English and Standard English. For example, the non-

standard speech does not use changes in grammar to indicate the past tense. A white person will ask, "What did your brother say?" and the black person will answer, "He say he coming." (The verb *say* is not changed to *said*.) "How did you get here?" "I walk." This style of talking about the past is paralleled in the Yoruba, Fante, Hausa, and Ewe languages of West Africa.

Expression of plurality is another difference. The way a black child will talk of "them boy" or "two dog" makes some white listeners think Negroes don't know how to turn a singular word into plural word. As a matter of fact, it isn't necessary to use an *s* to express plurality. In Chinese and Japanese, singular and plural are not generally distinguished by such inflections; plurality is conveyed in other ways. For example, in Chinese it's correct to say "There are three book on the table." This sentence already has two signals of the plural, *three* and *are*; why require a third? This same logic is the basis of plurals in most West African languages, where nouns are often identical in the plural and the singular. For example, in Ibo, one correctly says *those man*, and in both Ewe and Yoruba one says *they house*. American speakers of Gullah retain this style; it is correct in Gullah to say *five dog*.

Gender is another aspect of language structure where differences can be found. Speakers of Standard English are often confused to find that the nonstandard vernacular often uses just one gender of pronoun, the masculine, and refers to women as well as men as *he* or *him*. "He a nice girl," even "Him a nice girl" are common. This usage probably stems from West African origins, too, as does the use of multiple negatives, such as "Nobody don't know it."

Vocabulary is the third aspect of a person's native speech that could affect his learning of a new language. The strikingly different vocabulary often used in Negro Nonstandard English is probably the most obvious aspect of it to a casual white observer. But its vocabulary differences don't obscure its meaning the way different sounds and different structure often do.

Recently there has been much interest in the African origins of words like *goober* (peanut), *cooter* (turtle), and *tote* (carry), as well as others that are less certainly African, such as *to dig* (possibly from the Wolof *degan*, "to understand"). Such expressions seem colorful rather than low-class to many whites; they become assimilated faster than their black originators do. English professors now use *dig* in their scholarly articles, and current advertising has enthusiastically adopted *rap*.

Is it really possible for old differences in sound, structure, and vocabulary to persist from the West African languages of slave days into present-day inner city Black English? Easily. Nothing else really explains such regularity of language habits, most of which persist among black people in various parts of the Western Hemisphere. For a long time scholars believed that certain speech forms used by Negroes were merely leftovers from archaic English preserved in the speech of early English settlers in America and copied by their slaves. But this theory has been greatly weakened, largely as the result of the work of a black linguist, Dr. Lorenzo Dow Turner of the University of Chicago. Dr. Turner studied the speech of Gullah Negroes in the Sea Islands off the Carolina coast and found so many traces of West African languages that he thoroughly discredited the archaic-English theory.

When anyone learns a new language, it's usual to try speaking the new language with the sounds and structure of the old. If a person's first language does not happen to have a particular sound needed in the language he is learning, he will tend to substitute a similar or related sound from his native language and use it to speak the new one. When Frenchman Charles Boyer said "Zees ees my heart," and when Latin American Carmen Miranda sang "Souse American way," they were simply using sounds of their native languages in trying to pronounce sounds of English. West Africans must have done the same thing when they first attempted English words. The tendency to retain the structure of the native language is a strong one, too. That's why a German learning English is likely to put his verb at the end: "May I a glass beer have?" The vocabulary of one's original language may also furnish some holdovers. Jewish immigrants did not stop using the word *bagel* when they

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came to America; nor did Germans stop saying *sauerkraut.*

Social and geographical isolation reinforces the tendencies to retain old language habits. When one group is considered inferior, the other group avoids it. For many years it was illegal to give any sort of instruction to Negroes, and for slaves to try to speak like their masters would have been unthinkable. Conflict of value systems doubtless retards changes, too. As Frantz Fanon observed in *Black Skin, White Masks,* those who take on white speech habits are suspect in the ghetto, because others believe they are trying to "act white." Dr. Kenneth Johnson, a black linguist, put it this way: "As long as disadvantaged black children live in segregated communities and most of their relationships are confined to those within their own subculture, they will not replace their functional nonstandard dialect with the nonfunctional standard dialect."

Linguists have made it clear that language systems that are different are not necessarily deficient. A judgment of deficiency can be made only in comparison with another language system. Let's turn the tables on Standard English for a moment and look at it from the West African point of view. From this angle, Standard English: (1) is lacking in certain language sounds, (2) has a couple of unnecessary language sounds for which others may serve as good substitutes, (3) doubles and drawls some of its vowel sounds in sequences that are unusual and difficult to imitate, (5) lacks a method of forming an important tense, (6) requires an unnecessary number of ways to indicate tense, plurality and gender, and (7) doesn't mark negatives sufficiently for the result to be a good strong negative statement.

Now whose language is deficient?

How would the adoption of this point of view help us? Say we accepted the evidence that Black English is not just a sloppy Standard but an organized language style which probably has developed many of its features on the basis of its West African heritage. What would we gain?

The psychological climate of the classroom might improve if teachers understood why many black students speak as they do. But we still have not reached a solution of the main problem. Does the discovery that Black English has pattern and structure mean that it should not be tampered with? Should children who speak Black English be excused from learning the Standard in school? Should they perhaps be given books in Black English to learn from?

Any such accommodation would surely result in a hardening of the new separatism being urged by some black militants. It would probably be applauded by such people as Roy Innis, Director of C.O.R.E., who is currently recomending dual autonomous education systems for white and black. And it might facilitate learning to read, since some experiments have indicated that materials written in Black English syntax aid problem readers from the inner city.

But determined resistance to the introduction of such printed materials into schools can be expected. To those who view inner-city speech as bad English, the appearance in print of sentences like "My mama, he work" can be as shocking and repellent as a four-letter word. Middle-class Negro parents would probably mobilize against the move. Any strategem that does not take into account such practicalities of the matter is probably doomed to failure. And besides, where would such a permissive policy on language get these children in the larger society, and in the long run? If they want to enter an integrated America they must be able to deal with it on its own terms. Even Professor Toni Cade of Rutgers, who doesn't want "ghetto accents" tampered with, advocates mastery of Standard English because, as she puts it, "if you want to get ahead in this country, you must master the language of the ruling class." This has always been true, wherever there has been a minority group.

The problem then appears to be one of giving these children the ability to speak (and read) Standard English without denigrating the vernacular and those who use it, or even affecting the ability to use it. The only way to do this is to officially espouse bi-dialectism. The result would be the ability to use either dialect equally well—as Dr. Martin Luther King did—depending on the time, place, and circumstances. Pupils would have to learn enough about Standard English to use it when necessary, and teachers would have to learn enough about the inner-city dialect to understand and accept it for what it is—not just a "careless" version of Standard English but a different form of English that's appropriate in certain times and places.

Can we accomplish this? If we can't, the result will be continued alienation of a large section of the population, continued dropout trouble with consequent loss of earning power and economic contribution to the nation, but most of all, loss of faith in America as a place where a minority people can at times continue to use those habits that remind them of their link with each other and with their past.

SISTER MARY ELLEN, S.S.N.D.

INTERIM AT THE APARTMENT HOUSE

A man sings on the stairs.
The lady above has removed
her shoes, and the air conditioner
works. I sit at a brown formica table,
listening for a poem. The pool
opens at noon, and the sun is
full of desire.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THE YEAR OF THE WITCH

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

"Now, now for the burning! Bring fire sisters, and brothers—fire in the Devil's name. We were promised a death and a death we will have!"

From his hiding place outside the witches' circle, young Adam Lawrie watched with horror. Whose image was to be burned? What James was to be murdered by witchcraft?

Mollie Hunter, a Scottish author with a fine sense of story and suspense, has based her novel of sixteenth century witchcraft, *The Thirteenth Member* (Harper & Row. $4.50) on true records of a plot to murder King James I, led by the Earl of Bothwell. Adam Lawrie, the scholarly, proud, stouthearted stableboy who spies on the witches' sabbath, is an imaginary character, but almost all the other people are real, including Gilly Duncan, the orphaned kitchenmaid promised to the Devil at birth by her mother. Half in love, half fearful of Gilly, Adam does his best to give her the courage to break free from the witches, whom she loathes but feels bound by. In his attempt to save Gillie from the witches, and King James from danger, he comes close to death himself.

Mollie Hunter writes with a love of the Scottish countryside, as well as an understanding of human nature and a belief in the importance of compassion and independence. She has imagined what the people in the plot might have been like and given them rich dimensions. Readers 10 to 14 will be enthralled.

Many will be fascinated to find out how much in Mrs. Hunter's novel is true. *Witches* by Olga Hoyt, published recently by Abelard-Schuman ($4.50), gives the details of the actual plot against King James and tells which witches were brought to punishment. Mrs. Hoyt's carefully researched book is as exciting as fiction. It tells about other witches of note, describes the habits and powers of witches, both black and white (evil and good) from ancient days on, as well as the persecution of witches through history. For ages 12 up, the book is illustrated with many photographs and interesting prints.

Another good history of witchcraft for teenagers is *Servants of the Devil* by Thomas G. Aylesworth (Addison-Wesley. $4.50), a strikingly designed book with old prints and woodcuts. A winner in the PIA Graphic Arts Award Competition 1971, it is now followed by the author's intriguing *Werewolves and Other Monsters.* ($4.50).

Recently, there has been an enormous interest in witches on the part of both children and adults, as well as an interest in ghosts, magic and anything to do with the occult. An unusually large number of children's stories about the supernatural has just been published.

Many fads are superficial and tiresome. Recently there was a flood of books on teenage mothers—in answer no doubt to the increasing number of pregnant school girls. The books, on the whole, were dull and unconvincing, preachy sermons on the sorrows of immorality written by safe, middle-aged ladies.

There have been equally unconvincing books about parents and young people reaching across the generation gap (Father finally stops protesting about Junior's long hair, but he really doesn't seem to understand it). And though some of the much-needed stories about the black experience and the possibility of black-white friendships are excellent, there are others, hurriedly assembled, especially those written by whites, that are too saccharine and just don't ring true.

The problem is that an author can seldom write a truly outstanding book on a made-to-order basis. Yet this flurry of books on the occult contains many that are memorable.

Perhaps that's because an interest in magic is something that goes really deep in human nature. Probably these are books the authors had been thinking about for a long time, inside. For stories about witchcraft and magic involve some of the great questions of life: what is good? what is evil? what is life itself?

Young people and adults too, rebelling against the regimented rule of science and computers, are searching for powers within themselves, and without, and creative meanings to existence. People who read up on the occult, and authors who wrote about it, don't necessarily believe in spells and enchantments, but they do believe there are some mysteries to existence that can't yet be measured. Via fantasy, writers speak of man's yearning for life to have magic and wonder.

For years little children have delighted in witches; books on Halloween have been borrowed and reborrowed from libraries at all seasons of the year. *A Woggle of Witches*, written and illustrated by Adrienne Adams, for ages 4 to 7, (Scribners. $5.95) has wonderful big pictures in rich, dark colors of witches waking in the forest and flying off on their brooms for some Halloween fun. They get scared themselves, and the surprise is, by whom.

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES *is a free-lance writer and children's books editor for the Garrard Publishing Company. The illustration in the headline is from "A Woggle of Witches" by Adrienne Adams (Scribner's).*

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Dorrie and the Birthday Eggs, written and illustrated by Patricia Coombs (Lothrop. $3.95), is a fine example of witches' popularity. This is the seventh story about the endearing, bumbling little witch who gets in and out of trouble in an amusing fashion. Although Dorrie and her mother are good witches, Dorrie meets up, in this story, with a mean, old witch named Thinever Vetch. The everydayness of the witches with their birthday parties and galoshes gives children 6 to 9 the reassuring feeling that one needn't really be frightened of the eerie.

The Hateful Plateful Trick for ages 8 to 11, by Scott Corbett and illustrated by Paul Galdone (Atlantic/Little. $3.95), is the eighth story about Kerby Maxwell and Fenton Claypool, two fun-loving, everyday suburban boys and their unusual experiences with the Feats O' Magic Chemistry Set given Kerby by Mrs. Graymalkin, the enigmatic, witty, black-caped lady he met one day in the park. It is no easy trick to write eight stories about the same people and to sustain interest and excitement, but Scott Corbett has succeeded with flair and originality. I always love the sections dealing with Mrs. Graymalkin, who happily plays a large role in this adventure about a trick that misfires with near-disastrous results.

Also for 8 to 11 year olds is *The Trouble with Miss Switch* by Barbara Brooks Wallace, and illustrated by Hal Frank. (Abingdon. $3.75). After Mrs. Wallace read a chapter of her story to some school children, they sent her a petition demanding that the book be published, and one can easily understand why. Rupert P. Brown, III, a budding scientist who only believes in things you can prove by observation and experiment, finds himself, to his surprise, helping Miss Switch, the sharp-voiced, new fifth-grade teacher, perform an original act of witchcraft so she can pass the detested new Comput-o-witch's test and regain her position in witchdom. Humorous home and school scenes, and Rupert's friend, snoopy Amelia Daley, add to the appeal of this fast-moving story of Pepperdine School's strict but popular teacher.

The Headless Cupid by Zilpha Keatley Snyder, illustrated with wash drawings by Alton Raible (Atheneum. $4.95), pokes fun in a discerning way at the current interest in the occult and its beaded young practitioners, at the same time leaving an avenue open to a belief in ghosts and poltergeists. Twelve-year-old Armanda, replete with ceremonial costume and a familiar (a crow who dislikes her as much as she dislikes him), attempts to initiate her new stepbrother, David, and his young sisters and brother, into the rites of witchcraft and seances, with often hilarious results. But this is more than just a funny book for 9-13 year olds; it is a serious, sometimes sad story of a child, hurt by the divorce of her parents, who is trying to get even with the world, and of her gradual adjustment to her new family. The characterization and writing are among the best of the season; Mrs. Snyder has a fine ear for dialogue and the nuances of family life.

The Seal-Singing by Rosemary Harris (Macmillan. $4.95) is a rich, many-faceted novel for teenagers that has a haunting beauty. Laid in Scotland, it tells of 17-year-old Toby Carrigon, and his cousins, Catriona and Miranda, who spend a disturbing summer together on a remote island, the ancient home of the Carrigon family. They have been brought up on legends of St. Cuthbert, who made a pact of friendship with the island seals, and of their ancestor, the lovely but troubled Lucy, whom tragedy turned to witchcraft. Singing a strange lament, Lucy lured the seals to their death; now Miranda, not sure who she is at times or in which century, almost does the same. Famous until now for her stories of Old Testament Days, Rosemary Harris includes a fascinating account of a pet seal, and a sensitive portrait of two young people in love, in this original and outstanding novel.

There are several anthologies of traditional stories about witches, ghosts, and other supernatural beings this fall, among them *Witches, Wit, and a Werewolf* (Lippincott), tales from Iceland, England, Wales, France, America and other lands, retold with pace and succinctness by Jeanne B. Hardendorff, a successful children's librarian and a skilled, oral storyteller. The selection will be new to most readers 9 to 13. Hardcover edition $3.93. Paperback. $1.95.

Black Cats and Other Eerie Scottish Tales, for ages 8 to 13, is Sorche Nic Leodhas' last book, completed after her death by her great-niece, Jennifer Jill Digby, and illustrated by Vera Bock (Dutton. $5.95). What a fine memorial it is: a large, handsome volume, with spry humor as well as chills and tragedy and a lilting style. One of the most interesting chapters of all is the "remembrance" telling who the gifted storyteller, Sorche Nic Leodhas, really was.

Ghosts (Nelson. $4.95) by the prize-winning children's author, William Mayne, is an anthology of British stories and poems about ghosts, goblins, poltergeists and other spirits and spooks, many by Mayne himself. For ages 11-16, this collection is distinguished by the fact it includes accounts of "real" ghosts and poltergeists, along with possible explanations.

A ghost beloved by small children is gentle, little Georgie, hero of many picture books written and illustrated by Robert Bright. In his latest adventures, *Georgie and the Noisy Ghost* (Doubleday. $3.95), Georgie accompanies the family he haunts to the seaside and helps an unhappy sea captain ghost earn the medal for bravery that he'd always longed for. Captain Hooper can now relax and he no longer frightens the Whittakers with his howling, but creaks the stairs gently—just like Georgie.

The humor that pervades the picture books about ghosts and witches for younger children sort of acts like a spell against them. The child half wants to believe in spirits and be chilled by eerie happenings, but he also wants to be safeguarded.

As the children that the books are meant for get older, the ghosts and magic in them usually get more powerful. *The Ghost Next Door* (Harper and Row. $4.95) by Wylly Folk St. John, illustrated with attractive drawings by Trina Schart Hyman, is for

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9-to 12-year-olds. When Sherry Madison comes to visit her Aunt Judith, her half-sister Miranda, who drowned in a pond there years before, tries to get in touch with her. This is a story of the need for love and recognition, and a mystery too, spiced with humor and realism as two girls who live next door to Sherry outwit a fraudulent medium.

In *A Gift of Magic*, also for 9 to 12, by Lois Duncan and illustrated by Arvis Stewart (Little, Brown. $5.95), Nancy Garrett reaches back in the past for help from her grandmother who left her a magical gift: extrasensory perception. Nancy learns how to use her gift during the difficult year when she and her family, former globetrotters, settle down in a seaside Florida town.

The Astonishing Stereoscope by Jane Langton, with crisp drawings by Erik Blegvad (Harper & Row. $4.95. 9-12), tells of a brother and sister who enter the three-dimensional world of a magical stereoscope and gain new insight into the life around them in Concord, Massachusetts, home of the transcendentalists, and an understanding, too, of truth and guilt, and the oneness of all religions. Atmosphere, adventure and wit distinguish this literate story.

In *Over the Sea's Edge* by Jane Louise Curry, and illustrated by Charles Robinson, for 9-13, (Harcourt, Brace. $4.95), contemporary David Reese, who longs for a life of adventure, and Davyt Rhys, a scholarly lad in medieval Wales, somehow manage to communicate and to change places and centuries. David's new life is a hard one but thrilling, and it takes him across the seas in the service of a dispossessed prince searching for the legendary seven cities of Antilla, and up the Ohio River near his past-future home. The story has great power and is most compelling.

The House on the Brink by John Gordon (Harper & Row. $4.50) is a sophisticated, complex, and lyrical thriller for ages 12 to 16. Haunted by the strange trail he discovers by the river, which seems to suck at him

Your gift can go a long way this Christmas.

On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are still many thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

Their diets are so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children of tenant farmers and seasonal workers have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, $1 buys as much as $40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your $10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids—can mean $400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable this year.

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with evil power, and lured by the legend of King John's treasure lost in the marshes, Dick Dodds finds himself committed to unraveling a terrifying mystery. His sensitive, new girlfriend, Helen Johnson, and the magic of the "Silver Fields," help him to combat the forces of evil, both ancient and modern, criminal and mystical, that whirl about him.

The Light Maze by Joan North (Farrar, Straus. $4.50) for ages 11-15, is a mystical thriller too, but more hopeful in its picture of human kind. Psychology, religion, and fantasy are skillfully combined as two children and two adults, who "can hear in the silence the true note which is yourself," enter a light maze and journey through time and space to rescue a lost student of the occult, and to restore the magical lightstone to its rightful place. As the result of their courage and sacrifice, and their ability to face the horrifying evil they encounter (strangely different for each of them—perhaps their own faults magnified?), balance is restored to the English village where they live, which had been threatened by unleashed forces. The characters are so well drawn, and the picture of village life so real and witty, that one comes to believe in the Light Maze completely.

Stories of witchcraft, ghosts, and magic, and of journeys through time, give authors a chance to probe some of the most vital secrets of life and to say, symbolically, things about good and evil, time and eternity, and the power of truth, faith and love, in a new, very exciting, and enlightened way.

The authors of this season's books about magical happenings seem to have gained magic from their very subject matter itself, and have written with great skill, sensitivity and distinction. These books are more than just entertainment; they will set children to thinking. As Einstein said, "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious; it is the source of all true art and science."

(Mrs. Graves' selected list of children's book titles appears on page 185.)

PAPERBACK REVOLUTION, JR.

MICHAEL J. BANDLER

If you haven't bought a children's book in a while, be prepared for a financial jolt, along the order of $5.95 or $6.50. That, plus our current economic picture, would seem ominous for the juvenile market. But despair often brings about revolution and, happily, the publishing industry is in the midst of an upheaval, with 1971 destined to be remembered as the year of the juvenile paperback.

"It's great!" says John Ferrone, editor-in-chief of the paperback division of Harcourt, Brace and Jovanovich, echoing the enthusiasm of his colleagues and rivals. "It took a while for librarians and teachers to accept them and for the public to know they're available, but there's every indication now that bookstores across the country are providing separate sections for kids' paperbacks. It's really rolling now, and the future is nothing but bright."

MICHAEL J. BANDLER *covers cultural developments for the United States Information Agency.*

Harcourt, Brace actually was the harbinger of the future when, in 1965, it became one of the first major publishing houses to bring out a line of paperback reprints of some of their juvenile successes. There were a few tentative ripples during the next half-decade, and then, about a year ago, the wheels began to turn in a number of other houses.

What happened during the 1960's, simply, was that the industry was pricing out of the juvenile market. Children's books, normally sold industrially (to libraries and schools) and to the general public, were lagging in individual sales, and even the educational institutions were reducing their purchases a bit.

Thus, at the same time that farsighted editors were beginning to underscore the ghetto experience and emotions in texts of new books, the target audience was growing less and less able to pay for these stories. Ezra Jack Keats always strikes the right chord, but one doesn't know it unless he can hear it. So editors, publishers and sales executives mulled over the situation, and a number of them reached the decision to enter the juvenile paperback field.

With that problem resolved, a host of dilemmas remained. The choices were between:

—reprints from the publisher's backlist or paperback originals.
—two-color illustrations or full-color sketches.
—selections for all ages or solely for one group.
—various prices within a limited range or one fixed price.

The decisions made are not always consistent with one another. One publisher's desire to hold down the price is complemented by another's wish to appeal to all age levels. These nuances notwithstanding, it remains that any bookstore in the nation worth its salt (and the number is increasing daily) is currently displaying picture books for the pre-school set, teenage novels, 95-cent paperbacks, $1.95 paperbacks, paperbound originals, favorites of the past, books bursting with color and

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popular texts with unpretentious black-and-white drawings.

The multiple moves in the new direction were somewhat bold, in light of the fact that, as Lippincott's editor-in-chief for juvenile books, Dorothy Briley, explains, "we still have that funny image of paperbacks as something you hide in your hip pocket."

The intense discussions beginning during 1970 bore fruit this spring, when Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Random House and Doubleday entered the field with their respective editions, Owlet, Windward and Zephyr Books (readers will discover that the names of the sets often tend to intimate either masculinity or delicacy, such as Trophy, Seafarer and Yearling). They've been joined this fall by Macmillan, Harper and Row, Lippincott and Scribner's

If it came down to a contest as to which house was first in the field, the award would go to Scholastic Books, the 51-year-old firm that also produces weekly and monthly magazines for students in elementary and secondary schools. It's been issuing paperbacks through five of its own book clubs since 1947.

The first trade publisher to enter the field was Grosset and Dunlap, in 1961. Four years later, Delacorte Press came in with its Yearling and Laurel Leaf Editions, and Harcourt, Brace issued its first Voyager books. In 1969, Viking added an extra dimension by producing reprints of picture books for the pre-school set; previously, paperbacks had been aimed at the 10- to 16-year-old market.

The burgeoning of paperback lines has been caused not only by economic factors, but also by the sincere desire of publishers to bring more books to more youngsters. There's no reason, for example, why a child should not have his own library at home. Parents who have tended to guide their youngster's hand away from the $4.95 volume towards one for $2.50—regardless of quality—can now rest in the knowledge that the choice within the 95 cents to $1.95 price range is virtually limitless.

Also, as Jean Karl, editor of children's books for Atheneum suggests, "schools are beginning to emphasize individualized reading, and classrooms should have their own libraries in addition to the main school facility." The existence of paperback editions makes it possible for homerooms to have many books on a single theme—the Civil War, for example—for children to read and exchange, rather than having to suffer through one tired textbook.

A typical juvenile cloth-bound book has an initial printing of about 10,000 copies. Publishers are issuing paperbacks in printings of between 30,000 and 100,000 copies that can be expected to sell out—if popular—in about two years. More than 100,000 copies of Robert McCloskey's classic tale, *Make Way For Ducklings*, a Viking Seafarer book, have been sold since publication in the spring of 1969. Holt's Owlet edition of *Sam, Bangs and Moonshine*, published June

WHEN PARENTS FAIL: THE LAW'S RESPONSE TO FAMILY BREAKDOWN

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1, already has sold 10,000 copies.

Publishers are chauvinists to the nth degree, and naturally hail their respective decisions with regard to prices, illustrative material and age levels. Some favor large printings tied in with one of the three major book clubss —Young Reader's Press, Scholastic and American Education Publications —but others, such as George Nicholson of Holt, feel that book clubs "are dandy on lead titles, but don't help sales of the lesser works."

A revolution-within-the-revolution is occurring this fall at Lippincott, where seven new titles are being published simultaneously in cloth-bound and paperback editions, the former solely for schools and libraries and the latter for the general trade. They range from an ecological picture book by the renowned creator of Ferdinand the Bull, Munro Leaf, to the adventures of a Chicano girl. In effect, their publication marks the first time a major publisher has produced paperback originals for the trade, a very risky step to take. Holt's Mr. Nicholson, for one, calls Lippincott's decision "very courageous, one that seems to be going in the right direction." Most houses, though, are merely in the discussion stage on paperback originals. "We'll all be watching to see how they do," Mr. Ferrone of Harcourt, Brace, says. "We all watch each other, you know."

The Lippincott originals are comparatively costly at $1.95, and the house is sticking with two-color illustrations. But, Dorothy Briley stresses, "we're putting the best of our line into these simultaneous editions." In short, the paperback field necessitates sacrifices.

Other houses in the field include William Morrow, Franklin Watts and Westminster; Lothrop and Shepherd has produced specialty paperbacks on subjects ranging from hand puppet construction to pinecone craftsmanship. Macmillan has boxed seven picture books in an "Excursion Box Library" set priced at $6.65, also available individually for 95 cents. Pocket Books has an Archway line of books for sub-teens and teens in the firm's familiar size, and several houses are expanding their lines to include picture books next spring.

The revolution continues. Houghton Mifflin and Atheneum will definitely enter the fold in 1972. Atheneum already has lined up its ten initial selections, including picture books and five British mystery novels by Enid Blyton that have been immensely popular

Enthusiasm runs high in the field; salesmen are learning to market paperbacks, and bookstores have developed

Paperback Sampler

Following is a sampling of popular children's books currently available in soft-cover editions:

Alvin Fernald, Mayor For A Day, by Clifford Hicks (Archway-Pocket Books, .75).

Angus and the Cat, by Marjorie Flack (Doubledav-Zephyr, .95).

Angus and the Ducks, by Marjorie Flack (Doubleday-Zephyr, .95).

The Beachcomber's Book, by Bernice Kohn (Viking-Seafarer, .95).

The Bee Man of Orn, by Frank R. Stockton (Holt-Owlet, $1.65).

Billy and Blaze, by C. W. Anderson (Macmillan-Collier, .95).

Boys' Life Book of Baseball Stories (Random-Windward, .75).

Cabbage Moon, by Jan Wahl (Holt-Owlet, $1.45).

From Petals to Pinecones, by Katherine Cutler (Lothrop, $1.75).

Goggles! by Ezra Jack Keats (Macmillan-Collier, .95).

The House at Pooh Corner, by A. A. Milne (Dell Yearling, .75).

Joel Is the Youngest, by Judith Ish-Kishor (Archway-Pocket, .60).

Journey from Peppermint Street, by M. DeJong (Harper Trophy, .95).

Make Way for Ducklings, by Robert McCloskey (Viking-Seafarer, .65).

Maria Luisa, by Winifred Madison (Lippincott, $1.95).

Mr. Brown and Mr. Gray, by William Wondriska (Holt-Owlet, $1.45).

The Mock Revolt, by Vera and Bill Cleaver (Lippincott, $1.95).

National Velvet, by Enid Gagnold (Archway-Pocket Books, 175).

Next Door to Xanadu, by Doris Orgel (Archway-Pocket Books, .60).

Now We Are Six, by A. A. Milne (Dell Yearling, .75).

One Morning in Maine, by Robert McCloskey (Viking-Seafarer, .95).

The Only Earth We Have, by L. Pringle (Macmillan-Collier, .95).

Our Eddie, by Shulamith Ish-Kishor (Random-Windward, .75).

The Phantom Tollbooth, by Norton Juster (Random-Windward, .95).

Sam, Bangs and Moonshine, by Evaline Ness (Holt-Owlet, $1.45).

The Saturday Gang, by Lee Kingman (Doubleday-Zephyr, .75).

The Secret Garden, by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Dell-Yearling, .95).

The Secret River, by Marporie Kinnan Rawlings (Scribner's-Book Fair, .95).

The Shoemaker and the Elves, by the Brothers Grimm (Scribner's-Book Fair, .95).

The Sky Dog, by Brinton Turkle (Viking-Seafarer, .95).

Some of the Days of Everett Anderson, by Lucille Clifton (Holt-Owlet, $1.25).

Soupbone, by Sidney Offit (Archway-Pocket Books, .50).

Stone Soup, by Marcia Brown (Scribner's-Book Fair, .95).

The Story about Ping, by Marjorie Flack and Kurt Wiese (Viking-Seafarer, .95).

Too Much Nose, by Harve Zemach (Holt-Owlet, $1.45).

The Truthful Harp, by Lloyd Alexander (Holt-Owlet, $1.45).

When We Were Very Young, by A. A. Milne (Dell Yearling, .75).

Whistle For Willie, by Ezra Jack Keats (Viking-Seafarer, .95).

Who Cares? I Do, by Munro Leaf (Lippincott, $1.95).

Will I have a Friend? by Miriam Cohen (Macmillan-Collier, .95).

Winnie-the-Pooh, by A. A. Milne (Dell-Yearling, .75).

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new sections to accommodate the flood. Yet Mr. Nicholson of Holt warns that "as competition grows, problems such as distribution may follow. The major publishers with big distribution resources will do better than the smaller ones wth limited resources, and the latter could choose to relinquish their interest in the field." A continued public interest and the maintenance of high standards by publishers, though, hopefully will ward off that unhappy development.

As of this fall, paperbacks are the rage, and it should come as no surprise to those who feel—as does Bob Wyatt, Delacorte's juvenile editor—that "hard-cover books are for gift-giving and for libraries. Paperbacks are for readers."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

A SELECTED LIST

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CHRISTMAS

And It Came to Pass. By Jean Slaughter. Ill. by Leonard Weisgard. Music.. Macmillan. $4.95.

Carols as they tell the Nativity story, with bits from the Bible as bridges. Radiant paintings. All ages.

The Secret Christmas. By Frances Allen. Ill. by Laura Allen. Putnam. $3.95.

A mouse family's Christmas tree. 4-8.

Emmet Otter's Jug-Band Christmas. By Russell Hoban. Ill. by Lillian Hoban. Parents', $3.95.

An otter boy and his widowed mother plot to give each other a Happy Christmas. An endearing, old-fashioned story. 5-9.

The Fir Tree. By Hans Christian Andersen. Ill. by Svends Otto. Van Nostrand. $4.50.

Lovely, delicate Danish paintings enhance a favorite tale. 5-10.

Haran's Journey. By Adrien Stoutenberg. Ill. by Laszlo Kubinyi. Dial. $4.95.

A runaway slave boy makes a hazardous journey across the desert to pay homage to the new Prince. Fine writing. 8-12.

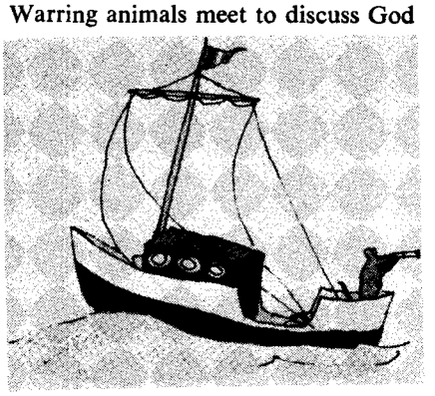
RELIGION

Noah's Ark. Written and Ill. by Gail E. Haley. Atheneum. $6.95.

Noah as a 20th century conservationist. A big book with a brilliant panorama by the Caldecott Medal winner. 4-8.

Lamb Said the Lion. I Am Here. By Mark Taylor. Woodcuts by Annie Siberell. Golden Gate. $4.95.

Warring animals meet to discuss God

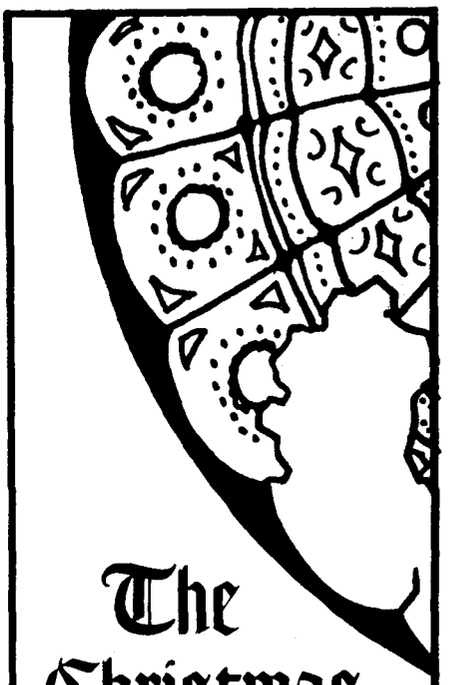


From "Amos & Boris" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

and make a truce. A timely fable. 5-8.

David He No Fear. By Lorenz Graham. Ill. by Ann Grifalconi. Crowell. $3.75.

A lilting African version of David and Goliath's story. Rich woodcuts. 5-10.



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The Monastery: Life in a Religious Community. By Paul J. Deegan. Amicus Street (Creative Educational Society).

A photo-story for 10-15.

The Sand and the Stars: The Story of the Jewish People. By Diana and Meir Gillon. Lothrop. $4.95. 10-15.

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Its history till 135 A.D. 12-18.

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The Beast of Monsieur Racine. Written and Ill. by Tomi Ungerer. Farrar. $4.95.

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Bold, popart pictures of screeching monkeys and snoring giants. Great fun!

When Will It Snow? By Syd Hoff. Ill. by Mary Chalmers. Harper. $3.50.

A delightful, little book for little hands with gentle, color pictures.

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The Magic Ringlet. By Konstantin Paustovsky. Trans. by Thomas P. Whitney. Ill. by Leonard Weisgard. Young Scott. $4.50.

Dreamy pictures, bespangled by snow, of a little Russian girl.

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A story of friendship between old and young. Magnificent city paintings.

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Four, bitter-sweet, everyday stories. My favorite is about "Camp Fat."

Emil's Pranks. By Astrid Lingdren. Ill. by Bjorn Berg. Follett. $3.95.

A mischievous, warmhearted farmboy.

The Indians on the Bonnet. By Elizabeth Ladd. Ill. by R. Cuffari. Morrow. $4.50.

A seaside, Maine mystery.

Tough to Tackle. By Matt Christopher. Ill. by Harvey Kidder. Little. $3.50.

Large print and lots of excitement in this story of football teamwork.

Pocahontas. By Clyde Robert Bulla. Ill. by Peter Burchard. Crowell. $3.95.

Lovely drawings, dramatic text.

The Sioux Are Coming. By Walter O'Meara. Ill. by Lor. Bjorklund. Houghton. $3.95.

An Ojibway family's struggle for survival. Fine camping and canoe lore.

More About Little Pear. Written and Ill. by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow. $4.25.

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Around the Corner. By Virginia Sorensen. Ill. by Robert Weaver. Harcourt. $4.95.

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Summer Growing Time. By Sally Kelley. Ill. by Donald MacKay. Viking. $4.75.

Friendship and violence in a Southern town facing school integration.

Kate. By Jean Little. Harper. $3.95.

Kate, tough but gentle, a lover of words, learns things about herself, her family, and her religion in a difficult year of growing.

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Iron Mountain. By Mavis Thorpe Clarke. Macmillan. $4.95.

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Lottery in Lives. By J. M. Couper. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

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By the Highway Home. By Mary Stolz. Harper. $4.95.

The adjustment to a brother's death in Vietnam, and a move to Vermont, heighten the friction between two very different sisters.

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Seventeen-year-old Lucy must leave the orphan's home and learn to enter the outside world. Discerning.

The Again Maybe I Won't. By Judy Blume. Bradbury. $4.50.

A frank, sad-funny story of a boy's problems during adolescence.

Is There a Life After Graduation, Henry Birnbaum? By Carolyn Balducci. Houghton. $4.95.

Personal and political experimentation of two friends at two colleges.

The Planet of Junior Brown. By Virginia Hamilton. Macmillan. $4.95.

Two lonely urban black boys and their unusual lives, trapped apart from the mainstream of life. A highly original story.

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In the Du Maurier tradition: a romantic novel of suspense and terror, laid in Cornwell. For older girls.

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From "The Day Peter Stuyvesant Sailed" (Harper & Row)

the Rockies. By Lawrence Cortesi. Criterion. $4.95.

Dramatic life of black mountain man. 10-15.

Thomas Jefferson. By Thomas Fleming. Photos, prints. Grossett. $4.95.

A fine feeling for character. 12-16.

Titans of the American Stage: Edwin Forrest, the Booths, the O'Neills. By Dale Shaw. Photos. Westminster. $5.95. 13-18.

Ida Tarbell: First of the Muckrakers. By Alice Fleming. Photos. Crowell. $4.50.

A dedicated, fighting journalist. Highly recommended! 11-15.

The Life of Malcolm X. By Richard Curtis. Photos. Macrae Smith. $4.95.

Vivid and valuable. 12-18.

Gandhi. By Olivia Coolidge. Photos. Houghton. $5.95.

Thoughtful and excellent! 12-16.

Paths Through the Forest: A Biography of the Brothers Grimm. By Murray B. Peppard. Holt. $7.95.

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THE UNITED STATES

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A rollicking, authentic picture book about Stuyvesant's New York. 4-9.

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The Lower East Side: A Portrait in Time. By Diana Cavallo. Photo by Leo Stashin. Crowell-Collier. $6.95.

A photo-history of New York's famous immigrant area: 1613-1971. Ages 10-18.

The Everglades Today: Endangered Wilderness. By George X. Sand. Photos. Four Winds. $5.95.

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The Rights of the People: The Major Decisions of the Warren Court. By

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